

# Creative Writing Entries

2021 Bay Pines Creative Arts  
Festival

# **Poetry – Non-Rhyming**

## **CRY AND CRY**

by George Zebot

at his bedside  
holding what's left of him  
walking into that smell  
the peculiar odor

of

that hospital

for what I already know  
is the last time

to get washed away  
in a wave of stabbings  
my face being stretched  
to the edges  
from the inside

I'd put my head  
Into my hands and resurface

lime on my soul

to a blurry world  
jerking and sputtering  
from an invisible  
seemingly heartless  
stone road

**Hope on the Mountain**  
(Return to Cook Peak)

By Sean C. Hackett

I close my eyes...  
I am standing on top of the mountain again.  
A mountain I have summited before in my youth.  
The cool north wind consumes me.  
The stars shine brightly above me.  
I see my moon shadow on the rocky ground in front of me.  
I am tired and weary from the climb.  
Out of the darkness, my faithful horse Hope approaches.  
He stands next to me, nudging his nose against my shoulder.  
Hope and I just stand there, looking into each other's eyes.  
I am tired and weary from the climb.  
My heavy eyes gaze back to the ground.  
I look for my moon shadow, but it is gone.  
The clouds have rolled in.  
Another storm is approaching.  
The sun will be up soon.  
Another day of struggle.  
Hope nudges my shoulder again, and then slowly begins walking.  
I follow close behind.  
I am tired and weary from the climb.  
But at least I have hope.

## **Special Moments (in Meditation)**

By Becky Benelli

Wrap me tightly in your arms and speak softly in my ears.  
kissing each of my cheeks and forehead.

Hold me tightly as you tell me you love me; embracing me in the comforts of your warmth.  
Supporting my body in yours, surrounded by plush silkie pillows.

Embrace my being, ALL of me!  
The most vulnerable, the softest parts. I am Naked in All the ways around you.

Love me and hold me tight!  
Tight till the end of my days.

While subtle golds and pinks shine through our bedroom windows.

## **The Hispanic Field Medic**

By BeverlySmith Tillery

Her big brown eyes and baby face  
Were the first things that I noticed.  
Her face was furrowed in a frown,  
I knew she was in severe pain  
And so I gave her Fentanyl  
And then I watched as she relaxed.  
I asked her what she did in war,  
She said, "Ma'am, I'm a field medic  
On the Iraqi battlefields."  
I told her that I trained medics  
Before I came to serve in war.  
I told her that in the OR  
I'd safely put her off to sleep.  
I saw her on my rounds one day,  
The two of us in Landstuhl's hall,  
She held a camera in her hand,  
And asked if she could take a pic  
To make an album of her stay,

To show her soldiers in Iraq.  
I told her that I would be thrilled  
And held her close with my best smile  
And then the flash blinded my eyes.  
I wished her well but knew deep down  
Her soldier's life was over now.  
The next day she was on a plane  
To fly her home to Walter Reed.  
I'd seen her arm in the OR  
With all the clean, white dressings off  
And knew that they would amputate.  
She'd placed her body to protect  
A wounded soldier on the ground  
And been hit by incoming fire.  
She would have said, "Just did my job."  
I wondered if she'd ever brush  
The long hair of her little girl,  
And would her husband love her still  
Since she was damaged from the war?

# Humor

# **“The List”**

By Jenn Whittaker

FADE IN:

EXT. HOUSE – DAY

A bright sun shines in the sky.

Solar panels cover the roof of a two-story home.

FRANKLIN, 70s, Southern, stands with his daughter, LEA, in the driveway.

The GRANDCHILDREN make a RUCKUS in her car.

LEA

So, you’re sure about selling the house?

FRANKLIN

It’s too big for one person. A new family should grow up here. It’s time.

LEA

Well, this was great, Dad. The kids loved the barbeque, but...

(fingers his chest)

you cooked more than you ate.

FRANKLIN

There’re plenty of leftovers.

They HUG.

LEA

I love you, Dad.

FRANKLIN

(squeezes tighter and sways)

Mmmm. I love you, too.

(relaxes)

Be safe.

Lea GETS IN the driver’s seat.

FRANKLIN (CONT’D)

Text me when you guys get home. Call if anything comes up.

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INT. KITCHEN – LATER

Franklin holds a greasy piece of chicken with both hands and MUNCHES away.

His cell phone RINGS in the living room.

He lays the chicken on his plate.

He searches for a napkin but can't find one.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Franklin RUSHES into the living room.

He awkwardly PICKS UP the phone as he tries to keep his greasy fingers off it and uses his knuckle to answer.

He struggles to put the phone between his shoulder and ear.

He CHEWS and SWALLOWS his food.

FRANKLIN

Yellow.

MONTY, a telemarketer, responds. He sits in a cubicle and wears a headset while he looks at a computer screen.

INTERCUT: Franklin's Home/Monty's Office

MONTY

Good evening. Is this Franklin Carter?

FRANKLIN

Yup.

Franklin SUCKS the tips of his fingers clean LOUDLY into the phone and makes a SUCTION sound as he runs his tongue over his teeth.

MONTY

(ADJUSTS headset)

Mr. Carter, can you hear me? There seems to be some disturbance on the line.

FRANKLIN

Never mind that. It's just the chicken. What can I do ya for?

MONTY

My name's Monty and I want to extend an offer to convert your home to solar power with green technology. Our technicians are currently in your area.

FRANKLIN

Oh, great! I've been thinking about getting some of those. It's a great advancement.

Franklin SITS down in his recliner and ROCKS.

MONTY

(scripted)

Solar provides sustainable energy for the environment and future generations. Do you own your home?

FRANKLIN

Yes, I own my home, and I want to do my part to stop global warming.

MONTY

(encouraged)

Exactly, Mr. Carter.

FRANKLIN

Call me Franklin.

Monty RAISES his hand and waves at his supervisor, JIM.

Jim RUSHES over, INSERTS his headphone's wire into a plug, and listens in.

MONTY

(enticing)

How would you like to never pay another electric bill, again, Franklin?

FRANKLIN

Sounds great!

MONTY

(boastful)

If fact, the power company ends up paying you.

FRANKLIN  
(with spunk)  
Now you're talkin'. Sign me up!

Monty mutes his microphone. A microphone symbol with a slash stays on his screen. He HIGH-FIVES Jim.

JIM  
You got it hooked, Monty. Reel this fish in.

Monty TURNS back around, unmutes, and ADJUSTS in his seat.

MONTY  
(causally)  
We can send a technician out tomorrow for an estimate on the conversion.

FRANKLIN  
Wait a minute, Monty.  
(heavy SIGH)  
I probably can't afford any conversion or what-not. I haven't saved for this.

MONTY  
Franklin, let me get my supervisor, Jim, on the line. He may be able to assist you with that.

FRANKLIN  
Absolutely! Thanks.

JIM  
(cocky)  
Hi, Franklin. I'm Jim. First off, don't worry about cost. We can find a solar system that works for any budget. There're federal and state tax credits as well as supplemental programs available for you, too. We'll even do the job with no upfront costs.

FRANKLIN  
That's a hell of a plan, Jim!

Jim gives Monty a thumbs up.

JIM  
I'm gonna get you back to Monty to go over some details.

Jim STEPS back and FIST PUMPS.

MONTY

(tries not to LAUGH at Jim)

Hey, Franklin. Jim told me you're ready for an estimate. Let's schedule tomorrow at two o'clock.

FRANKLIN

Sure thing.

Monty TYPES on his keyboard.

MONTY

All right. I have your address as 66 Ledger Circle in Saint Petersburg, Florida.

Jim almost pulls his headphone jack out but stops.

FRANKLIN

(flatly)

So, Monty, do you think I should ask the landlord to stop by, too?

MONTY

(shocked)

Landlord?

Jim loses it silently in the background and moves his lips in curses.

MONTY (CONT'D)

You told me you owned your home, Franklin!

FRANKLIN

I do...in Alaska. I just rent in St. Pete.

MONTY

(face falls)

Alaska?

FRANKLIN

Yep. The Arora Borealis is the only thing lighting up the sky there for at least another...hm...three months.

MONTY

(pissed)

Sure, Franklin!

The line goes dead.

Franklin SLAPS his knee and LAUGHS.

FRANKLIN  
(to self)  
Never fails.

The phone RINGS, again. He answers.

FRANKLIN  
Yellow.

LEA (V.O.)  
Did you eat yet, Dad?

FRANKLIN  
Not really. I was talkin' with a telemarketer.

LEA (V.O.)  
Dad...why do you mess with them?

FRANKLIN  
(with verve)  
'Cuz it's the best way to get off their list!

FADE OUT.

the end.

## The Operation

by Harry Moses

Scene: Hospital Room with patient sitting up in a wheelchair in a hospital gown.

Doctor: "Well George, I hope you're not worried about your knee surgery tomorrow. It's a very easy operation and you'll be back on your feet in no time".

George:" Well to be honest with you Doc, I am a little bit. I 've never been one that handles hospitals very well."

Doctor: "Well don't worry this is not a big deal like open heart surgery would be, it's just a little old knee. I'll see you first thing in the morning and by the way your family is outside to see you, I'll send them in."

(Doctor leaves not paying attention to George's comments as he says)

George yelling: "No, no please don't let them in, tell them, tell them, I'm contagious or something."

Sister, mother and sister's husband come rushing in and over to bed side facing audience. All talking at the same time to George. A mixture of greetings

Mother leans over and tosses her purse on his injured knee and says: "How's my Georgie, Porgie doing? "

George: "Mama the knee! I'm doing, fine I just want to get it over with."

Mother: " Well your doctor seems like a nice man although I noticed his hands were shacking a lot. But he's probably just is a little nervous about operating tomorrow since he is just out of rehab."

Sister:" Yes when they put you under a lot of things can happen. You know like infection, heart stoppage, anesthesia allergy, blood clots. You just never know, it might be a slip of the knife. Boy, it can be scary."

Husband: "George, I trust you have all your financial affairs in order with a will and all. If not, it might be too late."

George: "No, I have a will. You know the typical will, everything goes to the wife and kids".

Mother: "What your Mama is not in your will! Well I never. You could pass away tomorrow and you ain't leaving even a dime to your mama. After all I've done for you and this is the thanks I get."

Sister: Here you are about to go under the knife and you don't care enough about your sister to have included her in your will. After all those years of me not telling mama about all the bad things you were doing as a teenager. I could have told her a hundred different things that you did and this is the thanks I get." Well it's a good thing you won't get to read your obituary cause it's all going to be in there."

Husband: "If the surgery is at 7 tomorrow morning what time does the, you know, The priest come by? I'm sure he'll want to see you before you go. You can't be too careful you know".

George: "Why would the Priest come by?"

Mother: "I asked him to George, just in case you need the last rites. You want to go heaven don't you?"

George: "That's it, there will be no operation. I'll learn to limp!"

(gets up out of the wheelchair and hobbles off stage)

Mother: "My own son and I'm not in his will. Well, I never."

Mother stomps out.

## **Zen Yard Vibes**

By Lisa Torres

I have almost two hours before I have to get ready. Plenty of time to replant the seedlings to their new pots and spots. There's something magical that happens when I do this. Maybe it's the tenderness of the new life. It's so fragile. Some of these will become hardy plants that will endure the summer's storms. Some will be fragrant and fragile needing shelter from the summer sun and storms.

I think the magic is actually in the soil. Its texture in my bare hands. Feeling the energy. Feeling grounded. I crumble every clump to loosen the mixture of compost, peat, perlite and small amounts of top soil.

Oh, I have so many new seedlings from a variety of plants. Do I have enough pots? Do I have the right sized pots? Let's go look! Look at that! A shed full of them. Let's get busy.

This is the best feeling... hands getting dirty, feeling grounded, the breeze, the sunlight filtered by the swaying bamboo. Deep breaths in and out... this is the best day...

O.M.G! I have five minutes to wash this dirt off my hands and get to my appointment!

Time really does fly when you are having fun. Next time, I'll set an alarm.